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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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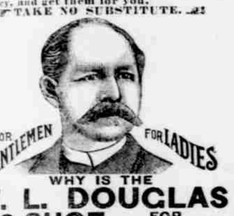

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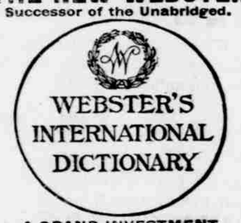

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Great Saving
results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO:
It is a solid cake of scouring soap
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

PURPOSE.

We went far out on the shining lake,
Away from the sunset sky,
Where the light through the darkening clouds would break,
My little boat and I.
I rowed to the farther pebbly shore,
My face to the sinking sun,
The clouds followed close when he shone no more,
And said: "The day is done."

Then a light wind came from over the land
And sent us toward the sky,
Where lay the clouds with golden band,
My little boat and I.
The oars lay idle, I drifted on,
Unheeding where I went;
To a page in a book my thoughts were gone,
My boat, where the breezes sent.

We passed through a clump of rushes tall,
And my thoughts came back to note
How quickly our course was changed, and all
By a reed at the bow of the boat.
I said to my boat: "If strong the force
That sends you drifting along,
A thing so slight could not change your course
And make the whole way wrong.

"But if you cannot safely float
Into our port alone,
Then I must guide you, little boat,
And bring you safely home."
So we drift no more in the crimson light,
With face to the sunset sky,
But I know that our course is true and right,
My boat, my heart and I.
—Evelyn Noble, in Detroit Free Press.

STORY OF A LETTER.

It Won a Mother Back to Health and Happiness.

"Off work so early?"

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a large table in the rough back porch and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

"Yes, it's early I know, but it's mail day to-morrow—and I thought I'd send a letter."

"Folks back east?" asked James.

"Well, I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother, but she's a good woman and likes to hear from me and I think I ought to."

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and clumsy in his movements and never dreamed of presuming to make a suggestion of duty to anyone. But it had come to be observed that Caleb was to be relied on.

"If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there," his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys had noticed that Caleb's quiet: "I think I ought to" always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch upon which the crops so largely depended, but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart and a shadow upon his brow. If asked the reason for it he might have been slow to admit to anyone else that it was called there by a consciousness of neglect of duty, but the fact was very plain to himself.

"Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of 'ought to' write to her about every mail day I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit."

In the early springtime James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, to whom he was so much and to whom he realized he owed it to be such comfort.

"I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em."

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farmhouse. Father and mother had answered, the sight of their poor cramped handwriting bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:

"Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to come back."

It had reached his heart and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for awhile. Then the intervals between his letters had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing later again near Caleb's rough library he paused with half a smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now, in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

"I'd rather plow all day," he said, meeting James' gaze with a beaming eye. "Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said James, as he went on toward the stables. "And when you *know* you ought to, as I do," he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout betokening his unburdened condition of mind, and leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was, and who can tell how many anxious hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned against a rough cart and gazed mechanically about him.

"I wish I had written too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and get scolded for it. Next Tuesday'll be the day mother'll be watching."

In the hush of the glorious light his thoughts wandered over years gone by. Far back, almost to infancy, did his memory stray, bringing up scenes vague and misty, incidents only dimly recalled; yet in all his mother's face, gentle and tender, seemed to stand out distinctly. Sometimes it bent over him in sickness, sometimes he saw it as in church, with the grave expression put on for the day. Sometimes it bore a smile of sympathy with some of his small delights, again, perhaps, a frown or a grieved look over his shortcomings.

"Yes, and I remember exactly how she looked when she whipped me, and how she would come to me ten minutes afterwards crying and begging me never to make her do it again. Poor mother," with a remorseful smile, "she didn't give it to me half hard enough."

"I wonder how she looks now." The thought came with a sharp pang. It had never before occurred to him to wonder whether his mother had changed in these years in which he had not seen her. The line of thought once struck seemed to lead on without his own volition. It must be that the anguish of his abrupt leave-taking, the anxiety for his welfare and the longing for a sight of him during this weary time had written deep lines upon the patient face.

"There's Caleb back." James sprang up as if in glad escape from the heavy thoughts as the distant beat of hoofs smote upon his ear. "She is only his stepmother, and yet he walks up to the business like a soldier, hating it as he does. Caleb has the making of a soldier in him, I believe."

James was many years older before he could fully recognize the fact that there is nothing more heroic than the persistent standing by the duties, small or great, of every day life.

"Hello Caleb," he cried, "you've made a quick trip."

"Yes," said Caleb, still with the beaming face belonging with the finished letter. "Shag hasn't been at work to-day, and he's as full of jump as if—as if—he'd got a letter off himself."

James could not help joining in the boy's gleeful laugh.

"I wish I felt as you do, Caleb," he said.

"I'll tell you what," said Caleb, with the air of one telling a great secret, "I don't believe there's anything makes you feel half so good as doing something you think you ought to do."

"Not going to turn in?" he asked, returning from the stable, after giving his little nag faithful care.

"No, I'm going to write a letter."

"I'm glad 'tisn't me," with an expressive shake of his head. "I'm tired enough to sleep for a week."

Mother was not watching at the gate on the Tuesday on which a letter might be expected from James. Indeed, there sometimes crept over father and Susan a cold chill of fear that she might never stand there or anywhere else again.

For the feet which had taken so many steps in loving ministering, which had so patiently held to the round of small duties laid out by Him who orders all our ways, were at last taking a rest. She had been suffering with a low fever, and the doctor shook his head with a discouraged face as day followed day, to be lengthened into week following week, and still the pulse grew weaker and the faded eye dimmer.

"If there was anything to rouse her," the old doctor had said, sorely perplexed at the utter lack of result to all his applied remedies. "There isn't so much the matter with her—only a lack of vitality. Nothing seems to touch it."

He sat with a helpless, baffled look. During the latter weeks Susan had stolen out on Tuesday for a little season of wistful watching for the longed-for letter which had never come. But to-day she sat still, weighed down by the burden of dread of what might be, scarcely hearing the slow rumble of the wagon as father drove along the lane. A few moments later he appeared at the door and held up a letter before Susan's eyes. She forgot her caution in a glad spring towards him.

"A letter! A letter from James!"

She controlled her voice to a whisper, but mother had been stirred from her half-stupor, and had opened her eyes. The doctor was watching her

"Read it," he said, motioning Susan to the seat at her mother's side.

"DEAR MOTHER: I've been thinking to-night how long it is since I left home. I never thought it would be so long, really I didn't, when I got into a pet and came off. And if I've wondered once why I did it I've wondered a thousand times, for I haven't in all these three years seen any place that was quite up to home. And if I was to stay three times three I'd never find any body like you and father and Susy.

"There's another thing I've been wondering and that's whether you want to see such a good-for-nothing as me there again."

A little sob came from mother, and Susan paused in alarm.

"Go on," motioned the doctor.

"But I'm most sure you do, and I'm coming home, mother. It won't be so very long before you see me. I've learned a lot of lessons since I left and the one I've learned the best is that my boy who goes around the world hunting for a better place than home is a simpleton. So I'm coming to be your boy again. And if you don't find that I can be a comfort to you and father and Susy, why, all you can do is to send me away again."

"Her fever'll be up again," said Susy, bending over her mother in a flutter of joy and anxiety.

But there was a smile on mother's face and a light of hope and peace in her eyes which had long been wanting there.

"Thank God," she whispered. "My boy's coming home."

And when James very soon followed his letter he held his breath at learning how very near he had come to finding a desolate home, and thankfully rejoiced in the blessed privilege of winning his mother back to health and happiness.

There are many boys who put off the home-letters and home-coming until too late.—Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Observer.

Not Serious.

A Wiscasset man, according to the Bath (Me.) Independent, discovered a big gash in his boot where he had cut his foot while in the woods and just managed to get home, feeling himself growing fainter from loss of blood all the way and fainted on arriving; when somebody discovered that the gash only went through his boot and the red color was not blood but only a woolen stocking.

—Worse and Worse.—Wife—"I found a woman's letter in your overcoat pocket this morning." John—"It can't be. I —I—" Wife—"It was the letter I gave you last Monday to mail on your way to the store."—N. Y. Spirit.

THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the conductor, most surely;
Why millions of millions before
Have made this same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Reflect then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion
Of little black water have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea until ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden-set islands.
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,
Go forward, friend-lad, or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or fen, in the night and unknown—
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
So forward! whatever befide you
Don't stop at the station Despair!
—Joaquin Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Thrilling Experience on the Roof of a Cathedral.

Have you never read of a person's hair turning gray in a single night? Of course you have. The old story books are full of such tales. I can remember dozens of them, stories reeking with gore and dank with dungeons and grewsome with ghosts or other uncanny things. The heroine and sometimes the hero goes to bed at night with hair as black as the raven's wing and along in the night come the horrors, whatever they are, and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to hear them read and get up quite a respectable thrill as the most horrible portions, especially when the candle flickered awhile with a ghostly light and then went out, leaving everybody in total darkness just as a deep groan was heard or a long shuddering sigh like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard. Oh, yes! I was quite susceptible to touching passages like those; and I used to hurry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the most timid of them. But somehow or other I could not accept the hair-turning part of the story. I knew that hair, black or white, could stand on end, but that a good head of black hair would bleach itself out between dark and daylight was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a little experience of my own which—but perhaps it is best to tell the story just as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day after paying the custodian the insignificant price he asked for all the glories visible from the elevated position. We looked through the telescope—for another fee—and had each assured the others that we saw Mount Blanc perfectly well, without for a moment believing what the others said or convincing them that we told the truth. And we had ended our climbs by ascending to the highest point under the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the cork-screw staircase, which will scarcely permit any but the thinnest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when the roof was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that portion of the structure. To this all but myself assented. I was tired and proposed to rest awhile at the foot of the tower stairs, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all descend together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable and paid no attention to the passage of time, but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to them first in a moderate tone of voice, then more loudly, but received no answer. Fearing that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the ridge of the main roof and peered down all the side passages in the gathering dusk, but caught no glimpse of my companions. Then I descended to the roof of the aisle and made a search there, which was also fruitless. I became alarmed as the light failed and ran from one point to another, calling out as I ran, until I found to my great distress that I had lost my way. I could see far below me the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove past on the stony streets. But I was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass and no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up. In the excitement and despair which the consciousness of this fact produced I rushed about so wildly that I slipped and fell on a long flight of stone steps wet with the dew which had begun to fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when I brought up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing I found to my despair and horror that I was utterly unable to move my limbs. I was paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is inconceivable. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury I had sustained. Had I broken my back or simply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of similar character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words "the fifth pair" flashed into my mind and appeared to connect themselves in some way with my condition; but whether it was the fifth pair of nerves or ribs or of something else I could not make out. I could not understand either how I could have been so seriously injured without any sensible shock; but that my power of locomotion was gone there was no doubt. I could move my hand, and I began to speculate on the number of things one could do with one's hands alone. This occupied me for what seemed to be an hour; but as the train of thought was interrupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight I concluded it must have been much longer and wondered I had not heard the preceding hours.

Suddenly the full horror of my condition flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long, chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was there. They had undoubtedly concluded that I had gone down, and if they missed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late. Starvation would do for me, even if the injury I had received did not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud, but was dully conscious all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and custodians alike must have departed hours before; and even if my cries were heard from the streets below nobody would attribute them to their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded one of blank despair. I no longer speculated on the possibility of being discovered dead or alive. There was a dull leaden feeling at my chest and I found myself repeating mechanically old rhymes and jingles and saying the alphabet backward, as I once learned to do in seeking relief from insomnia. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passing in review before me as they say it does when one is drowning or being hanged. I remembered that saying, too, and without any cessation of the review I wondered in my double consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man or of one being hanged, and I wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind. What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking twelve. The second time they did this I thought I must have lost consciousness for an entire day and that this was the second midnight. But when the third stroke of twelve came from half a dozen clocks I knew it could not be two days since I had fallen. I thought first that I had become demented; and then it occurred to me that if I were I could not reason about it in that fashion so the clocks themselves must be crazy. This theory satisfied me until the striking began again, when I went off in another fantastic speculation. My friends had discovered that I was missing and were having the bells rung to keep my spirits up.

Oh! the long, long, weary hours I spent in waiting for a glimpse of daylight. I had no hope that daylight would bring me any relief, but the prospect of staying where it was no longer midnight seemed unendurable. I groaned and wept and dug my nails into the palms of my hands until it seemed as if the blood would come; but I did not even feel any sense of pain.

It must have been after the clocks had struck midnight a dozen times or more—I kept no exact account—that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently there were two more, and then two more, until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout, but had become so weak with cold and suffering that I could not raise my voice above a whisper. The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger until I could see that they were borne by several black-robed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved slowly towards me I began to wonder what it meant and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of disturbing the obsequies even in my extreme need. Suddenly it dawned on me that this was my own funeral, and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the supreme anguish of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out and I entered on a new period of the most exquisite torture. Fortunately it was of brief duration. As the foremost of the moving figures reached me I felt a grasp on my arm and a voice called in my ear:

"Wake up, father; it's time to be going down. I guess you must have had your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her were the rest of the party, flushed with their ramble on the roof. I straightened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I did, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

I don't mean to be understood that my hair really did turn gray in that night of horror on Milan cathedral. In the first place there is not much of it and what there is has been tolerably gray for some years. But I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary change as the story books tell about. I am quite sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had his or her hair would turn gray provided, of course, he or she had any hair that was not gray already.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rice-Eating Match.

A decided novelty in the way of a sporting event, and one which attracted a big "gate," was a Chinese rice-eating match in San Francisco a few days ago. The match was arranged by a Chinaman named Marchy, who is a great sport and as much of an American as the law will allow him to be. Fifteen of his pig-tailed countrymen competed for the grand prize of two dollars. A huge bowl of boiled rice was set on a table and attendants dished the rice out in small bowls to the contestants. The lean Mongolians stood around the table, chop-sticks in hand, and when time was called they pitched in with terrible earnestness and painful solemnity. The rattle of chop-sticks kept up at a lively pace for half an hour, but at the end of an hour Ti Jing You, who had fasted for a couple of days, was the only stayer, and he was declared the winner. The amount of rice consumed left a painfully small margin of profit for Marchy.

One Good Trait.

A custom prevails at funerals among the Dutch settlers in Natal for some one of the deceased's friends to make a short oration at his open grave, recording his virtues and the good deeds, if any, performed by him during his earthly sojourn. It happened, however, that an individual died who was not considered to have been possessed of any virtues whatever, and had never performed any good deeds. Consequently in his case the melancholy obsequies were nearly being completed in silence, when one of his countrymen, raising his voice, said, in solemn tones:

"Him was a berry good smoker."—Jury.

THE DIFFRUNCE.

It's nigh on thirty year or more
Since Hannah left her mother,
An' we agreed that she an' I
Could house with one another.

An' all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Have gone to prove the diffrunce
'Twixt man an' woman's manner.

Now Hannah has her garden beds,
An' tends her plants an' posies,
While I weed out my turnip plot,
An' hoe my early roses.

Then Hannah has her cats an' dogs,
Her Poll an' pet canary,
While I think mor' of useful beasts
Fer keep the farm an' dairy.

We're both contented with our lot,
I let her have her parrots,
She never minds that I prefer
The turnips, beets and carrots.

Fer in this life the pretty things
Are put beside the common,
An' that's the reas'n why a man
Was made to love a woman.
—Helen Chaffee, in Detroit Free Press.

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURES.

Captured by the Indians and a Lucky Escape.

During the Indian troubles which followed the close of the civil war I was attached to various western forts and camps as scout and dispatch rider, and in that capacity had my full share of adventures. It was my fortune or misfortune almost at the outset of my career to strike the Sioux a blow which made them ever after hungry for my life. This was in 1866, while they were pretending to be at peace, but actually killing every white man who was found outside the forts. I was then at Fort McPherson, and while carrying a dispatch to a small body of troops stationed on the Saline fork of the Kansas river, I encountered a small band of Indians. This was about ten o'clock in the forenoon. I saw them emerge from a dry ravine and head to cut me off, and at once halted and dismounted. I was then on the crest of a ridge, and close to a natural sink which would make a good rifle pit. It was big enough to shelter my horse as well, and I was all ready for the redskins before they knew I had taken the alarm. While not in war-paint they showed every other sign of hostility, and I knew that if I fell into their hands my scalp would change owners within five minutes. There wasn't a Winchester rifle among the Indians at that time and not one in ten had seen one. I had one, while the nine redskins before me had old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, and I believed I could surprise them. They were led by a sub-chief named Little Feather and among the nine were two others named White Water and Running Bear. These three subchiefs were warriors of renown and were then on their way to attend a council and a war-dance.

It was Little Feather who summoned me to surrender on pain of being burned at the stake, and he was the one who directed affairs when I shouted my refusal. The nine spread out, mounted on their ponies, until they had encircled my refuge; then, at a signal, they came charging up the slope, each one yelling enough to split his throat. Lying on my face, with a dead rest for my rifle, I tumbled Little Feather and White Water out of their saddles, and that stopped the charge. As they checked up I killed Running Bear, and before they got out of range I wounded one of the warriors. The riding galloped off, and I carried two ponies and all the accoutrements of the dead chiefs safely into the fort. In a work entitled "The Pioneers of Nebraska," pages 355-6, is an account of this fight, but not a very accurate one. The number of killed is there put down at five and the name of Running Bear is given as Yellow Bear.

It soon became known among the Sioux what had happened, and every branch of the great tribe swore to have my life. A reward of ten ponies was offered to anyone who should kill me, and twenty if I were taken alive. I was advised by everybody to clear out of that locality, but I refused to go until the long-expected war finally broke out and I was attached to a moving column. The threats of the Indians had not greatly disturbed me, as I knew they would always be trying their best to capture a scout, no matter if they had never heard of him. Those were days when every white man on the plains lived a year in every week and never forgot for a moment that his life was in continual jeopardy. Several plans, as I afterwards learned, were formed to capture me, but I slipped through.

I was finally made prisoner under singular circumstances. I was returning from the flying column to Fort Wallace with dispatches. I had set out soon after dusk and made a good twenty-five miles when a heavy fog settled down on the plains. It wouldn't have bothered an Indian to keep the points of the compass, but after I had turned and twisted among some dry ravines I had to own up that I was lost. My horse was just as badly off. When I gave him his head he came to a stop. The only thing to do was to dismount and wait for daylight. I was sitting on the ground not feeling a bit sleepy, and my horse was lying down, when a band of thirty-seven Indians, all mounted, walked right on to me through the fog. I heard the footsteps of their horses, but could not locate them in the fog until it was too late. When I leaped up it was with the thought that I might make a break for it on foot, but before I could turn they were all about me, and in another minute I was made prisoner.

The Indians were as much surprised as I was, and it was broad daylight before they identified me. Up to that time they had treated me fairly well. When it was known that I was the scout whose life they had so long thirsted after half a dozen bucks tried their best to tomahawk me on the spot. When their angry excitement had cooled down there was as much rejoicing as if they had captured a fort. Six warriors were called out as a guard, and soon after sunrise I was put in their charge and started for a big Sioux village on Deer creek, between the two forks of the Republican river. I was, of course, disarmed. Then my elbows were tied together, my feet tied under the horse, and for fear the horse would run off with me he was led by a lariat.

At noon we made a halt of half an hour and I was given about half a pound of jerked buffalo meat as my share of the noonday meal. My arms were unbound that I might eat, but the whole six constantly kept their eyes on me. When we set off again I was bound as before, and we rode at a gallop until ten o'clock at night before the village was reached. I understood the Sioux lingo very well, though I did not let on to, and the talk as we rode was anything but pleasant to me. It was agreed that I would be put to the torture, and that it would be made to last as long as possible.

When we reached the village I was placed in a tepee and my arms unbound. They refused to cast the lashing off my legs, though three of the bucks stood guard outside. I was so stiff and sore with the ride that I could not have taken five steps had they turned me louse and told me to go. I got not a wink of sleep that night, and it was not until eight o'clock next morning that my legs were freed. It was a village of eighty lodges, and the one I occupied was almost in the center of the collection. I couldn't have escaped had they left the tent unguarded, but they took no risks. There were always two and sometimes four of the bucks squatted outside of the lodge, and outside of these a circle of squaws and children.

It was the third day after my capture before I was disturbed. Then most of the warriors having returned to the village on purpose to witness my death, I was led out at three o'clock in the afternoon to undergo the preliminary to actual torture. This is running the gauntlet. There were no gaps as I could judge sixty men and boys in each line, and the lines were four feet apart. Had each one been armed with a switch to strike me it would have been punishment enough, but they were allowed to use clubs and sticks and tomahawk handles. When I looked down the line I felt that there was no show for me to make the run, and yet I must make the attempt. You may ask why I did not obstinately refuse, and let them do their worst then and there. Because I was hoping for them to show me a little mercy. They would torture me, but not so cruelly as if I refused to run.

I got as good a ready as I could and when the signal came I sprang away at the top of my speed. Blow after blow fell upon me while the savages showed their pleasure, and to my great surprise I at length reached the end of the lines. There I fell in a heap and they gave me about ten minutes in which to brace up for the run back. I made only half the distance this time, being struck such a blow over the head with a club that I sank down unconscious. When I had recovered my senses they returned me to the lodge, where I lay for many hours expecting to be taken out any moment for torture. They would have finished me but for the fact that the wife of Little Feather who was in another village fifty miles away, had not yet arrived. She wanted to be in at the death and so further proceedings were declared off for the day.

The squaw arrived soon after midnight. My ankles were tightly lashed and I could not sleep. She was fifty years old and very ugly, and every time she looked into the lodge to see if my eyes were open she would call out that I would be on hand to the torture after breakfast in the morning and long after she had gone I heard my guards gloating over the prospects. It was agreed among them that I was a game man and would hold out for several hours and give them lots of amusement.

Half an hour after daylight the village was astir, and at sunrise a squaw brought me some breakfast and the thongs around my ankles were cut off. I learned several years after that it was intended to oblige me to run the gauntlet again. I was eating the meal the squaw had brought when a sudden excitement arose outside. There was a great shouting, followed by cheers and the report of fire-arms, and the next minute the two hundred frontiersmen who had been raised in Kansas and Nebraska as an independent force charged into the village. It wasn't five minutes before the fleeing warriors rallied for defense, but before that time I was safe. At the first alarm I leaped up and sprang out of the lodge full against one of the guards, and as I ran I was fired at two or three times. I was among the horsemen in a minute or two, and after a bit I got a rifle and took an active part in the hot fight going on. We were driven off after a couple of hours, but we got every pony in the herd as the burned all the lodges, and they had many a dead warrior to mourn over.

It was a singular thing that in after years I should meet the squaw of Little Feather on the reservation and have a long talk with her. So it happened, and she calmly told me that she had been promised my scalp as a keepsake and that it would have been her hand which would have ended my anguish after I had amused the warriors to their fill as a prisoner at the stake.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 11, 1891.

DOM PEDRO, late Emperor of Brazil, died in Paris at midnight on Friday. He was deposed November 14, 1889, when Brazil was proclaimed a Republic. His death will probably put an end to attempts to revive the Brazilian Empire.

THE final count in Ohio shows that McKinley ran 8,000 behind the leader of his ticket, and more than 5,000 behind the next to the lowest man on it, McKinley himself coming in last and lowest. Before he runs for anything else in Ohio, Mr. McKinley will probably try harder than ever to convince these 8,000 odd Republicans that their taxes are paid by foreigners.

ON Friday a man entered the office of Russell Sage, the great railraad man and financier in Broadway, New York, demanded $1,200,000, and on being refused exploded a bomb of some sort which killed the bomb thrower, fatally wounded B. F. Morton, a clerk, injured Mr. Sage and several clerks, and wrecked the interior of the building. The crank who threw the bomb is unknown.

CHAIRMAN HUNTER, of the Iowa Democratic executive committee, says that Governor Boies will "be pressed for either first or second place on the National ticket," and adds: "I think he could carry the agricultural Northwest, including Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and perhaps Nebraska. The strength of the tariff issue in Iowa last year and this can hardly be over estimated."

THE State Fish Commissioners announce that they are prepared to distribute carp and that applications may be made to the members of the Commission. The value of the carp as a food fish, and its adaptability to the waters of our State, are now such well settled facts that the Commissioners will doubtless have as many applications from the amateur fish-culturists of the state as they can readily comply with.

THE State Grange Patrons of Husbandry met at Harrisburg on Tuesday, over 300 delegates being present. Worthy Master Rohne presided. The afternoon session was consumed in examining credentials and appointing committees, and the address of the worthy master. In the evening an open meeting was held at which addresses were made by Governor Pattison, Professor Albert S. Bolles and Colonel Price, of Scranton, the latter on "Equality of Taxation." The address of Worthy Master Rhone was largely devoted to the question of taxation.

AFTER a very close contest the Democratic caucus at Washington on Monday night nominated Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, to be Speaker of the House on the thirtieth ballot, the vote standing Crisp 119; Mills 105; Springer 4; Stevens 1. Mr. Kerr, of this State was nominated for Clerk of the House by acclamation. Judge Crisp was born January 29, 1845, in Sheffield, England, while his parents were there on a visit. He was brought to this country the year of his birth, his parents going to Georgia. He served as a lieutenant in the Confederate army during the war; was taken prisoner in 1864 and confined in Fort Delaware. After practicing law in Ellaville, Ga., for several years he was appointed Solicitor General of the southwestern judicial district in 1872 and reappointed in 1873 for four years. He served as Judge of the Superior court of the same circuit from 1877 to 1882, when he was elected to Congress from the Third Georgian district. He was reelected to the Fiftieth, Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congress without opposition. Judge Crisp's most marked characteristics are his good nature, coolheadedness and extreme affability, for which he is noted.

WITH the 1st of Jannary, says the New York *World*, the Democratic party in New York will have control of the Executive and both branches of the Legislature for the first time since 1883.

The termination of the Board of Canvassers in the Dutchess Senatorial district that Mr. Osborne is elected and the undoubted ineligibility of Mr. Sherwood, given the Senate to the Democrats, and the Assembly is secure.

The fact is one of extraordinary importance. It gives the state again into the control of a majority of its citizens. It gives the Democrats a great opportunity and imposes upon them a grave responsibility.

It gives them opportunity to right many flagrant wrongs, to obey the Constitution, provided for a re-enumeration of the legislative representation according to population, so that the million and a quarter of citizens now unrepresented shall have their fair share in legislation.

It gives them opportunity to order the Convention which the people have called for by a majority of more than 500,000.

It gives them opportunity to re-arrange the Congressional districts fairly upon the basis of population as shown by the Federal census, as both law and justice require.

It gives to the Democrats the opportunity to do all these acts of vital public necessity; it imposes upon them full responsibility for the just and equitable discharge of that duty.

For the rest, the situation means freedom to enact needed laws, to appeal laws that work injustice and to correct defects in existing statutes.

It means continued economy in government and low taxes for the people.

It means home rule for cities.

It means Democratic legislation and Democratic government for a Democratic state. Justice, long delayed, is secured at last.

The majority will rule!

THE Philadelphia *Times* in speaking of the election of Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia as Speaker of the House by the Democratic caucus says: McMillin, the most promising of the field candidates, withdrew on the twenty-ninth ballot, and Springer fell in with the procession and gave Crisp the victory.

The contest between Crisp and Mills has been one of unusual earnestness and some bitterness, but Mills exhibited the highest degree of manliness by steadily refusing to combine with any of the field candidates, on the open assumption that, if he could not succeed, Crisp was entitled to the nomination. There is, therefore, every indication of harmony between the Crisp and the Mills followers in the House, and Crisp's brief but emphatic utterance on tariff reform in acknowledging the honor conferred upon him must silence all quibbles as to the attitude of the Democratic majority of the House on that issue.

While there will be no halt in the work of tariff reform because of the success of Mr. Crisp, will be generally, and we believe gratefully, accepted by the country as a triumph of the more conservative element of the Democracy. The one unerring index of the wisdom of Crisp's election to the Speakership is in the fact that the Republican leaders were practically unanimous in the desire for the success of Mills, and hoped to gain great political advantage from it. This does not prove Mills' unfitness, but it was unmistakable as to the expediency of his selection.

Mr. Crisp is generally regarded by the considerate men of both parties in the House as the best all around equipped man for the Speakership, and above all the safest man for his party. It was this consideration that resolved doubts in his favor and gave him the victory. He is too big and too broad a man not to be generously just in the recognition of Mills and his friends, and there is little likelihood of factional lines surviving the long and desperate struggle for the chair. It is safe to assume, also, that the Democrats will have little fear of Reed disconcerting the Speaker and demoralizing the majority at will.

Mills will be accepted leader on the floor and he is likely to grow in the best qualities of leadership, as he has done to a surprising extent during the last few years; and it is more than probable that, so far from antagonizing the conservative policy that Crisp's election proclaims he will be in hearty accord with it. His campaign speeches in Ohio and elsewhere last fall, were models of enlightened and conservative statesmanship.

It is possible that the Democrats might have done as well by the election of some other man than Crisp to the Speakership; but it is clear that they could not have done better, and might have done much worse.

MUCH is being and has been said, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, for and against the punishment of lawbreakers by flogging as practiced in Delaware. It is true this method of punishment is a relic of the days of disgusting barbarity when the most severe punishments were inflicted for trivial crimes and when the torture was held to be the legitimate accessory of the court. In those days men were sometimes deliberately flogged to death and at other times died under the punishment which was not intended to have such a termination.

In Delaware the punishment is neither intended nor pretended to be so severe, although none of these who undergo the punishment love it for its gentleness. Twenty is about the average number of lashes given to criminals who are thought to deserve vigorous punishment, and it is probably enough. Long before the twenty lashes are placed where twenty stripes will do the most good the very much interested recipient of tho laws' attentions is well convinced of the mistake he made in committing the crime of which he was convicted, or at least of the foolhardiness of breaking Delaware law, and can easily be induced to never do it again.

As to the moral aspects of the case, much can be said on both sides of the question. One thing is certain, however, it is the most effective and the cheapest way to reach a class of offenders many of whom can see no hardship in being shut up in prison and fed by the community. That to them is not punishment, and they are likely to be confined repeatedly for the same offense. Flogging is so great a punishment that few that have suffered it come back for more. If it does not cure the criminal it at least drives him out of the state. There is no brutality connected with this method of reformance; there is nothing to shock spectators and little to move them except the whimpers of the flogged ones, while the sight inspires them with a wholesome respect for the law. It seems to work well in Delaware.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee was held at the Arlington Hotel at Washington on Tuesday The principal business done was the fixing of the time and place for the meeting of the National Committee, which will determine the time and place for holding the Democratic National Convention of 1892. It took the committee but a few minutes to agree on January 21 next, at 12 o'clock, as the date, and Washington as the place for the meeting of the full committee. The meetings will be held at the Arlington Hotel, where the recent meetings of the Republican committee were held.

THE Congress which convened in Washington on Monday has 236 Democrats, 86 Republicans and 8 Farmers' Alliance. In the Senate there is 40 Democrats, 46 Republicans and 2 Farmers' Alliance. In the last Congress there were 154 Democrats, 177 Republicans and 1 Independent. In the Senate there were 37 Democrats and 51 Republicans. Quite a change in a year. Of the Republican Senators 2 were stolen in Montana, 1 in New Hampshire and in the States of New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island 5 by gerrymandering.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 4, 1891. The very spirited contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives will close with the selection of one the candidates by the Democratic caucus which will be held to-morrow, but it will be years before it is forgotten. There have been many things to cause it to be remembered, not the least of which is the large number of candidates that will remain in the field up to the last——this is of itself highly creditable to the Democratic party as an organization, as it shows that it is a party that does not tolerate bossism, but gives every man in its ranks an equal rrght to aspire to any honor within its gift. Another thing about it that will not soon be forgotten is the action of the Republicans in trying by misrepresenting innocent remarks made by Democrats, and in many instances by the outright manufacture of statements to create a feeling of antagonism between the friends of the several candidates——they succeeded but too well, in some instances.

Whoever is selected for Speaker, the attempt will be made in certain quarters to make it appear that the selection makes certain the nomination for President next year of some one of the gentlemen who have been prominently named for that honor. That is another Republican scheme. There is not the slightest thing to base such a conclusion upon, no matter which of the candidates for Speaker may wiin. There are, to your correspondent's certain knowledge, men in the ranks of the supporters of each of the candidates who favor Mr. Cleveland, Governor Hill, Governer Gray, Senator Gorman and Governor Boies, so you see what nonsense it is to say that the success of anyone of the candidates for Speaker will have any direct effect upon the nomination for President next year. Just as members of Congress have differed in their opinions of the best man for Speaker, so will they differ when it comes to selecting a candidate for President. The National Democratic convention, and not the House of Representatives, will name the Presidential nominee of the party, Republican busybodies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Representative Cooper, of Indiana, who originated the Raum investigation in the last Congress, says that if Mr. Harrison persists in keeping Raum at the head of the Pension office he will move for another investigation. Mr. Cooper has secured a large addition to the stock of amunition which the packed committee of the last Congress refused to allow him to use; and if Raum does not vacate the Pension office he will see to it that the next investigation does not end with a coat of whitewash.

It is stated here, but denied, that Secretary Foster's health is in a precarious condition. While denying that he is seriously sick, his friends admit that he is going South for several weeks' rest before he again takes up his work as Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Harrison's friends in the Republican party have been anxiously expecting this week that often announced statement from Mr. Blaine that he would not be the candidate of his party, it having been stated here the other day by ex-Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, whose daughter is Russell Harrison's wife, that Mr. Blaine would shortly take the public into his confidence; but alas, for the Harrison crowd, it seems to be only another false alarm, as Mr. Blaine says not a word, but continues to smile when visiting Republicans tell him that they propose nominating him next year.

Attorney General Miller is not an admirer of the newspapers, probably because they have refused to class him as high as his own conceit tells him he should go; therefore it caused no surprise when he tried to cast a slur upon the press, while the argument in the cases against the constitutionality of the McKinley tariff law was proceeding before the Supreme Court. It came about this way. Mr. Stephen G. Clark, of New York, while arguing that the omission of the tobacco rebate clause in the bill as signed by the President invalidated the whole bill, produced a book kept in the Clerk's office showing the record of bills passed by the House, to show that the clause was omitted. In reply to the Attorney General's question, Mr. Clark said he was not advised as to whether there was any law for the keeping of the book. "If there is no such law", said the Attorney General with a sneer, "the book has no more weight than a newspaper publication."

Commissioner Roosevelt is back. He declines to discuss the story that Mr. Wanamaker is after his scalp, further than to say that he stands by everything he has ever said, which is equivalent to repeating his charge against the truthfulness of Mr. W. M.

Massacred by Chinese.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—Advices from Shanghai confirm the reports of the massacre of Christians, Orphanages are being burned, as well as buildings occupied by adults. Helpless children are subjected to the fury of heartless mobs. The roads are in some places littered with fragments of the flesh of these little fugitives, who, having perished either from violence or starvation, have furnished food for roving dogs. The clergymen will not leave and are displaying great bravery in remaining.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—News received here says that on November 18 the secret societies of Jehol revolted, and several Mongolian princes and hundreds of Hungarians were massacred. After a desperate battle the royal troops defeated the rebels.

An Evangelist Insane.

SANDWICH, Mass., Dec. 8.—Clifton Dennis, a well-known song evangelist from Chicago, who has been holding revivals in New England the past year, arrived unexpectedly last night at the residence of a relative. Later, with nothbut his night garment, he walked to the residence of a neighbor, where he broke down the fence and a front door and made a great disturbance. He was arrested with difficulty and is now under guard, a raving maniac. He talks on religious matters unceasingly and is anxious to leave for Chicago. He will probably be committed to an asylum today.

THE residence of Philip Harman, situated about one mile north of Latrobe, with all its contents, including $85 in money, was destroyed by fire Monday night, aggregating a loss of $1,500, on which there is no insurance.

An Iron and Nail Company Suspend.

PITTSBURG, Pa., December 6.—A telegram from Bellefonte received here yesterday says that the Bellefonte Iron and Nail company (limited) has suspended, with liabilities aggregating $302,000. Ex-Governer James A. Beaver, the President, has assumed all its indebtedness and will place the plant in the hands of a trustee for the benefit of its creditors.

It has been known for some time that the company has been losing money, but no one had any idea it was incumbered to such an extent. The announcement of the suspension was therefore not much of a surprise, though it was at first feared that the heavy indebtedness of the works would probably drag down some of the stockholders. This gave rise to the reports of the embarrassment of ex-Governor Beaver.

It is thought that the plant will resume, as an extension of three years has been granted. This mill is the one in which the National heat and power company is experimenting with its gas machines. It is not thought that ex-Governor Beaver will be at all affected by the suspension, as his large private means will cover all possible deficiency.

Dropped in a Well.

ENGLEWOOD, Kas., Dec. 7.—News comes from an old disused well in No Man's Land of a cattleman named Harding by the driver of the stage-coach which every ten days runs from Englewood to Beaver City, No Man's Land, and back. Harding had a fearful experience and is insane from the effects of it.

While out rounding up stock he was lost to his companions. This was ten days ago, and he must therefore have spent nine days in the well. How he got there is unknown, but probably the sudden stopping of his horse threw him down the hole, which is nearly forty feet deep. Beside him when found the half-devoured carcass of a wolf, with a bullet through his head showing that Harding must have shot him. Occasionally Harding had gleams of intelligence, and from what can be gathered it seems he was five or six days without food. Wolves probably discovered his presence there and the one on which he had lived most likely was crowded over the edge of the well by the rest of the pack. The rescuer was attracted to the spot by the wild howlings of the insane man.

Japan's Earthquakes.

Advices from Japan say that at the place where the recent Japanese earthquake was most severe there appeared several years ago holes in the ground to which no bottom could be found, and that it was believed that they communicated with immense cavities far below. It is now believed the earthquake was caused by the Fujiya mountains slipping into this cavern. In one district an immense landslide took place, damming the Mano River, and a lake is now being formed, which is already fifty feet deep. Another large lake is being formed in the same way by the Ashiba River at Nagoya. The earthquake was still in progress November 9. Seven hundred and thirty shocks were felt in 20 consecutive hours. This is more than two a minute.

An anonymous writer sent a letter to the cabinet two months ago, announcing that a national calamity would take place Oct. 28. This was the very day of the earthquake. The letter is preserved in the Government archives.

Prison on Fire.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 8.—The city prison here is on fire, and it is feared it will be a total loss. Early this morning the police began to remove the prisoners to the county jail. The entire fire department has been called out. The loss to the building is estimated to be very small. There was tremendous excitement among the prisoners and much difficulty in getting them transferred to a place of safety. The female prisoners were turned loose, but the men were locked up in their cells and all yelled to be taken out.

A large crowd which gathered outside the prison began to get uneasy lest the prisoners should be roasted to death, and their appeals and excited actions added to the confusion and impeded the efforts of the police and firemen. Finally the police succeeded in quieting the crowd and all the prisoners were rescued without accident.

The Blizzard in North Dakota.

PEMBINA, December 5.—A terrible blizzard, beginning Thursday morning, continued all day Thursday, Thursday night, Friday, and is still howling with increased velocity. Business is at a stand-still. No one can get in or out of the city. The sidewalks and streets are blockaded with snowbanks ten and fifteen feet high and cannot be cleared until the storm abates.

ELLENDALE, December 5.—One of the worst blizzards ever experienced in this section of the Northwest has raged here ever since Wednesday night. About a foot of snow has fallen, and it has been flying in the air in blinding sheets. There are drifts in the streets four and five feet deep, and business is almost entirely suspended. Stock on the range is in a bad plight and much loss is feared.

The Sequel to a Tragedy.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., December 8.—A romantic sequel to the famous Nutt-Dukes tragedy of nine years ago takes place at noon to-morrow in the marriage of Miss Lizzie Nutt to Samuel Krepps, of Brownville. It will be remembered that the young lady played a principal part in the terrible affair. Miss Nutt has been living in retirement at her mother's home. Krepps was always an admirer of the young lady and to-morrow will make her his wife. The young man is a traveling agent for a Chicago house.

Bride for a Day.

FINDLAY, O., Dec. 7.—At the Gibson house, Saturday night at 1 o'clock, Rev. N. C. B. Love preformed the marriage rite for Charles O. Crawford and Miss Frances Ruggy. The groom was confined to his bed by a severe attack of pneumonia, from which his physicians declared it was impossible for him to recover. Their words proved true, for at 12 o'clock Sunday night he died. This morning the sorrowing widow left with the remains of her husband for Jamestown, N. Y., where the burial will occur.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A thirteen-year-old son of Tucker Hunt, of Uniontown, a few days ago took $500 from a bureau drawer, and before his father was aware, spent a large portion of it.

—The finance committee of the city council of Richmond, Va., is considering a resolution looking to the appropriation of $25,000 for the purchase of a residence for Mrs. Jefferson Davis, provided she will make Richmond her home.

—Two men robbed Fahey's bank at Marion, Ohio, on Saturday afternoon of $1,500. One of the men escaped, but the other was shot in a fight with the posse which went in pursuit, and is dying. Over $1,000 was recovered from the wounded man.

—There is a rock in Mexico which foretells the weather. In fair weather it wears a neutral tint, but when it is about to rain it turns to a dingy red. Its temperature increases and it appears as if it were being heated by an internal fire.

—Exporting of apples to Europe is becoming one of the most important features of the trade. Up to the first week of November 525,000 barrels had been shipped from New York since the season began. Last year 195,164 barrels were sent abroad.

—Gates B. Weiser a prominent commission merchant, of York, committed suicide Saturday evening at his home just outside the city, by shooting. The wife of the unfortunate man was present at the time, and made ineffectual efforts to prevent the deed. It is believed that Weiser was insane.

—A popular notion is that the whereabouts of a drowned person may be ascertained by floating a loaf weighted with quicksilver, which is said at once to swim towards, and stand over, the spot where the body lies. This is a very widespread belief, and instances of its occurence are from time to time, recorded,

—On January 1, 1892, the present rate of two cents per mile for clergy tickets over the Pennsylvania lines of Pittsburg will be reduced to half fare. Clergy tickets will be sold at one-half the rate charged for first-class unlimited tickets, plus a sufficient amount in all cases to make the rate charged end in 0 or 5. No tickets of this kind will be sold at less than ten cents.

—George W. Delemater, the late Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, is practicing law in Tacoma, Washington, and living in humble style, says Frank C. Smith, of Reading, Pa., who has just returned from that far-off city. He says Delamater is beginning at the foot of the ladder, is living humbly, and means to take his family therein the spring.

—Near the St. Clair farm, in Plymouth township, Montgomery county, Frank Egolf, a Norristown huckster, was overpowered by two strangers, dragged from his wagon, tied with a rope to the farm fence, robbed of about $12, and left tied to the fence all night. When Farmer St. Clair found and relelased Egolf in the morning, the latter, a cripple, fell fainting from exhaustion. He will probably recover.

—Charles Melvin Seaton was hanged at Mt. Vernon, Mo., on Satuiday at 10 oclock, for the murder of Lewis Channel, a mining engineer, at Joplin, Mo., about a year ago. Seaton made a farewell address from the scaffold, in which he warned his listeners to avoid the use of whiskey and the company of bad women. He said if he had done so he would not have died now. The drop fell at 10:10, and in fifteen minutes he was pronounced dead.

—There was a mass meeting in the Shamokin opera house on Wednesday night, attended by over 500 citizens, to make an organized effort to form a new county out of a part of Northumberland, Columbia and Schuylkill, with Shamokin as the county seat. The citizens offer to build the jail and public offices free of cost. The new county is to be called Sollenberger after one of the prime movers of the scheme. Committees were appointed to push forward the movement.

A railway is about to be built across Siberia by the Russian government to bring its provinces on the Pacific into closer relations with the empire's center. It is to be finished in 1895, to cost about $75,000,000 and will be 3,000 miles long. The motive of this great outlay is chiefly political. There is to be ultimately, it is felt, a struggle with China in the east, and the railway is required to enable Russia to meet China on equal terms. Vladivostock, the eastern terminus of the railway, is to be made a first class fortress—a second Sebastopol. From that port Russian ships of war will issue with freedom denied them in the Baltic and Black Sea

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

——DEALERS IN——

General .·. Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

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CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Fall and Winter !

I have just received a large stock of

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE. ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF SCHOOL SHOES.

The Finest line of Shirts and Underwear in the town. Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Boys' Shirts and Waists, Cardigan Jackets, etc. You will also find I keep the Latest Styles of Neckwear.

P. S.—Agent for John W. Carroll's Tailoring House.

J. D. LUCAS,

Opposite Cambria House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

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Engines, - Hay - Bailers, - Threshers,

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and all kinds of farming implements. Parties desiring any machinery of the above description will do well to call on or address us.

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CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Overcoats! Overcoats!

We are now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS in the county and give you the lowes' prices. My line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

is always complete. Am now prepared to show you a much larger assortment than ever before. Call and see me as I will sell you nice goods and save you money. Very Respectfully,

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CLOAKS FOR FALL & WINTER

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OF ALL GRADES CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

A FULL LINE OF CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

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ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from ..... 50c. up.
Team Bridles, from ..... $1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from ..... 40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from ..... $6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from ..... $10.00 up.

Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
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M'CONNELL & SAUPP

Are showing some Handsome Styles in

LIGHT :: OVERCOATS

IN CHEVIOTS, KERSEYS, ETC., AT

$6.50, $8.00, $10.00 and $11.50.

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"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

Duff's Mercantile College,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and woman for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application. [Sep18.2m] P. DUFF & SONS.

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SPECIAL SALE this week in

Dress Goods Departments

of 100 pieces of 38 inch, ALL WOOL TWEEDS, about a dozen colors,

45 Cents.

Large line 38 inch ALL WOOL PLAIDS, neat plaids in all colors,

37 1-2 Cents.

down from 50 cents to close this lot.

27 inch Rough and Tumble Cheviots,

37 1-2 Cents.

Rain or service affects them but little. Brown, tan, gray mixtures.

56 inch Australian Wool CLOTH FACED SUITINGS

in large variety of neat checks and plaids. Quiet colorings,

90 Cents

a yard, that are unquestionably the greatest DRESS GOODS BARGAIN of the year.

Six yards for full suit.

These stores are making unusual preparations in every department for

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offering bargains that will be more deserving than ever of your patronage.

Special facilities for filling all orders by mail.

BOGGS & BUHL,

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Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

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The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest allowing certificates issued to time depositors.

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Extended to customers on favorable terms on approved paper discounted at all times.

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Made in the locality and upon all the principal towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

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Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited on liberal and reasonable accommodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions will be held as strictly private and confidential as that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

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BANKING : CO

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JNO. R. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring customers that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention. Collections held strictly confidential. Charges will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

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MONEY

Deaths.

MCCLELLAND.—In Ebensburg, Dec. 7, 1891, Mrs. Mary McClelland, aged 72 years.

Marriages.

MCCLOSKEY—MCCLOSKEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 25, 1891, by Rev. Father Hoban, Mr. Thomas McCloskey and Miss Mary McCloskey, all of Cambria county.

Business Notices.

Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a sure cure for croup, colds, coughs, sore throat, and all pulmonary troubles. Price 25 and 50 cents

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 11, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones, of this place, was in Pittsburg this week.

—Who is in need of job printing try this office. Rates reasonable.

—Editor Humphreys, of the South Fork Leader, was here on Monday.

—Don't fail to see Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Opera House on Monday night.

—Mr. Elijah March, the mill-man, lost a valuable cow by death on Monday.

—January 18th has been fixed as the date for holding the next argument court.

—Mr. John Morgan, of the East ward, has been granted a pension of $12 per month.

—Dr. C. V. B. Earnest, of this place, paid a visit to Hollidaysburg his old home last week.

—Clearfield county holds her teachers' institute next week and Indiana county the week following.

—Sheriff-elect Shumaker, has taken up his residence in the General McDonald property, in the East ward.

—Each day senses three minutes shorter till December 21, when a term is made and the days seem longer until the 21st of June.

—The number of people attending Court this week is less than usual. None of our hotels and boarding houses appear to be crowded.

—A new ward was created out of part of the 7th ward of Johnstown on Monday by the voters. The new ward will be known as the 17th.

—Hon. J. D. Woodruff editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, was a visitor to our county Monday and while here paid the FREEMAN'S office a pleasant call.

—On Monday F. J. Krouser, Esq., of Somerset, a member of the bar of that place, was admitted and sworn as an attorney of the several courts of Cambria county.

—On the last week while J. U. McCanna, of Reade township, was out hunting in the forest and he received severe cuts about the face, but luckily escaped serious injury.

—A single piece of paper or linen moistened in turpentine and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a preventative against moths.

—Robert McFarland, engineer at the Hollidaysburg iron and steel works, was run over by the cars on Thursday of last week and almost instantly killed. He leaves a wife and four children.

—The Hastings Water Company, whose notice for an application for a charter was published for several weeks in the FREEMAN was granted a charter at Harrisburg, on Thursday of last week, with a capital of $100.

—This (Thursday) morning the jury empanelled in the Brunner murder case in charge of the Sheriff and constables visited the late residence of Samuel Reese, the scene of the murder on the outskirts of Ebensburg.

—On Tuesday an assault and battery case was tried in court which originated over a horse-rake. Ten cents would have bought a new rake but that one will not the matter about thirty or forty dollars more.

—The large barn on the Horning farm, four miles north of Greensburg, was, with all its contents, destroyed by fire on Sunday night. The fire was the work of an incendiary. The loss will reach $2,500, on which there is $2,000 insurance.

—The office of superintendent of the metallurgical department of the Cambria Iron Works has been abolished and Dr. James J. Frohnleiter, who occupied that position, has been appointed chief of the chemical and physical laboratories.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Trip-hammer advertising is the kind that creates industries that make us marvel at their magnitude. How long would it take to shape the hot iron if a stroke was given this week and another six months hence? Constant pounding is what does the business.

—On next Monday evening Stevens' Uncle Tom's Cabin Company will appear at the Opera House, in this place. The company is said to be a good one and those who attend will witness a performance second to none that ever appeared here. Tickets for sale at James' drug store.

—Mr. David Wetzel and Jacob Vogel, of Gallitzin, were callers at the FREEMAN office on Thursday. Mr. Wetzell is one of the FREEMAN'S oldest subscribers beginning with volume 1, number 1, while Mr. Vogel is the newest subscriber, adding his name while here. Call again gentlemen.

—A late swindle being practiced in the northern part of Westmoreland county is the selling of a small box of soap for two dollars giving as a premium a splendid rubber door mat with the name of the purchaser on it. The soap is delivered, and money collected but the door mat never comes.

—W. H. Dill, ex-president of the defunct First National bank, was arrested again at Clearfield on Tuesday night, charged with converting $25,000 of the bank's funds to his own use. He gave bail in the sum of $10,000 for a hearing on Thursday. The information was made by John B. McGrath, cashier of the Houtzdale bank.

—Irvin M. Good, a freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, while making a coupling at Conemaugh on Tuesday morning, had his right arm caught between the deadwoods and crushed so badly that it had to be amputated near the shoulder. He is about twenty-four years of age and has a wife and three children dependent upon him.

—Louis Gassard, a miner at South Fork, while walking on the railroad on his way to work on Tuesday morning, was struck by Western Express and thrown on the opposite track under the wheels of Altoona accommodation which was passing at the time. The man's head and legs were cut off. He was a Frenchman by birth and had no relatives in this country.

—On Monday night burglars entered the store of F. E. Alter & Co., of Morrellville, by forcing the lock on the outer door. After getting into the store the combination wheel and handle of the safe were broken, and through the aperatures thus made poured in sufficient powder to blow the door off the safe. They got no money but they carried away about $100 worth of goods.

—The second horse stolen from Orlando Wagner, of near Dublin Mills, was recovered last week and delivered to Chief of Police Westbrook on Saturday. The animal had changed hands several times since he was disposed of by Isaac Wagoner in Johnstown. The animal is again in possession of its owner and all parties concerned are happy.—*Huntingdon Local News.*

—Try pop-corn for nausea; try cranberries for malaria; try ginger ale for stomach cramps; try clam broth for a weak stomach; try cranberry poultice for erysipelas; try swallowing saliva when troubled with a sour stomach; try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless; try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgia pain and renew it frequently. If the foregoing don't work, try something else.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Dufton, who went to Erie last week to visit a daughter who was seriously ill returned home on Monday, their daughter having passed the danger point and is now getting better.

—Mr. Henry Schenk, of Erie, who had the contract for building the new court house here in 1881 and who is well-known by a number of our citizens had a paralytic stroke recently, and is seriously ill at his home in Erie.

—On Saturday, while some men who are working for Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, of this place, at excavating for the abutments for the new bridge over the Conemaugh, were at work at Wilmore, a slide of earth occurred, and they made a narrow escape.

—The little dun pony owned by Mr. Isaac Davis, and used by him in making his daily rounds in lighting the street lamps, on Sunday last, laid down and died. It had probably heard that the borough fathers had contracted for the electric lights and it would soon loose its job.

—Aaron Reamey, a farmer of Poplar Run, Blair county, on his return from church on Sunday morning, found his house, barn and granary, which contained this summer's farm produce, in a mass of smouldering ruins. The supposition is that the fire was the work of an incendiary who had a personal grudge against Mr. Reamey. Not having any insurance on the property, the farmer by his heavy loss is reduced to poverty.

—About 7.30 o'clock on Wednesday morning the residence of George Ammerman, at Port Matilda, Centre county, was destroyed by fire and his two children, one an infant of 1 year, the other a child of 4, were burned to death. Both the parents were away from the house when the fire broke out and it is not known how it originated. Mr. Ammerman says the children "were eating their breakfast" when he left the house."

—F. Parson, a prominent citizen of West township, Huntingdon county, started to the woods one day last week to cut wood. Not returning within a reasonable time a search was made and young Parsons was found dead under a fallen tree at which he had been working. His head was badly bruised but his skull was unbroken and death had evidently been caused by concussion of the brain produced by a blow on the head by a large limb.

—While there is a great deal of talk about railroads being built along Twolick and Yellow creek, there is little being said about the Blacklick route. But evidently some people have an eye on that route. Parties are buying coal lands on the headwaters of that stream and engineers have been running lines along the banks of the stream for some time. A railroad down Blacklick is among the probabilities of the near future.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—Ex-Judge Briggs, of Philadelphia, in answer to an inquiry of H. D. Patton, state chairman of the Prohibition party, as to whether the act of June 19, 1891, popularly called the "Baker Ballot Act," is constitutional, expresses the opinion that the act is in conflict with the fifth section of the "Declaration of Rights," and is therefore "nugatory and void and of no legal force or effect whatever. It is understood that the Supreme court will be asked to give an opinion on the constitutionality of the law.

—Francis Burns, a young man aged twenty-two, who was employed as a clerk in the store of Mr. Joseph Bengele, at Gallitzin, was ground to pieces by the cars on Friday afternoon. The young man attempted to board a freight train for the purpose of going to Altoona, when his foot caught in a frog and he was ground under the wheels and mangled to death in the presence of several persons who were powerless to avert the appalling accident. The accident happened at the station in front of the Fitzharris House, where he boarded. His father was killed on the railroad at the east end of the tunnel about two years ago.

—On Friday morning of last week the first train on the branch, when near Cresson, ran into a hemlock tree that had blown across the track during the night. The tree was about fifteen inches in diameter where it crossed the track, and on account of falling across a small cut, was raised so that the bumbers on the locomotive struck and broke it, throwing it off the track. The broken end, however, struck the cab and each of the two passenger cars, scraping them badly but doing little damage. The passengers were badly frightened but felt thankful to Providence for their lucky escape from what might have been an ugly accident.

—On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Michael Smeltzer, who had been out hunting came upon the dead body of a man lying in the woods east of the Summit, near the Lemon Spring, about three-fourths of a mile from the turnpike. Death had evidently occurred some six or seven days previous, and there was little doubt of its being a case of suicide as there was a bullet hole in the head back of the right ear, powder marks on the neck and head and a revolver lying close by with two chambers still loaded. No papers were found upon the body to give a clue its identity. The body was that of a man about 65 years of age, neatly dressed, and from the appearance of the hands, was that of a man not accustomed to hard work, as they were soft and well shaped. He was about 5 feet 7 inches in height; iron gray hiar; heavy mustache, trimmed; gray whiskers under chin and around neck; slightly bald on top of head; high forehead; Roman nose; long face; had on two pairs of pants, fine black cloth, nearly new; black vest; black dress coat; double-breasted sack mixed with red; knit wamus; overcoat, brown cloth, nearly new; light colored shirt with blue stripe; stiff rimmed 7¼ black hat; congress shoes, newly half-soled and heeled. Near the body was found an oil-cloth haversack with several handkerchiefs, pair of spectacles and case, pocket-knife, tooth-pick, comb, cigar smoker, buckskin purse with 51 cents in money, a Canadian half-penny, and a pint flask about three-fourths full of whiskey.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday morning at 10:30 with Judge Barker on the bench.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Donahoe, Sr., Michael Donahoe, Jr., and William Carney, conspiring to defraud Washington township. Jury find the defendants not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Plunket, selling liquor to minors and on Sunday. A *nolle pros.* was entered.

Commonwealth vs. Reuben Benson, desertion. The prosecutrix not appearing, the defendant was discharged.

Commonwealth vs. Shaffer, selling liquor on Sunday. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Walter Adams, assault and battery. Grand Jury ignored the bill and directed that Nancy Clark, the prosecutrix, pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. James Mayhen, surety of the peace. Court directed him to pay the costs and enter surety in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. James Bartlebaugh, surety of the peace. Sentenced to pay the costs and enter into recognizance in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. same, desertion Sentenced to pay the costs and $3 per week for the support of his wife and child.

Commonwealth vs. Walter Adams, surety of the peace. Defendant discharged on payment of costs.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Hoskey, surety of the peace. Defendant sentenced to pay the costs and enter into recognizance to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. John T. Harris, withholding the transcript of docket for more than five days. Jury find defendant not guilty but that that he pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Melinda and John B lock, assault and battery. Grand Jury ignored the bill and the prosecutor, George M. Berkybile, to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Isaac Shaffer, selling liquor on Sunday. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Jack Caulfield, assault and battery. *Nolle pros.* entered.

Commonwealth vs. James A. Noel, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Anthony Mesbaugh, defrauding a boarding house keeper. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Miller and Frank Hagerty, larceny and horse-stealing. Defendants plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Blair Penlon, malicious mischief. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Antonia Calentine, larceny and receiving stolen goods. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. George Poleskoki, larceny and receiving stolen goods. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. the burgess and street commissioner of Lilly borough, neglecting to keep the streets and alleys in good order. The defendants were discharged.

The tavern license of Caleb A. Gray at Hastings was transferred to S. D. Howe.

Commonwealth vs. Anthony Mesbach, larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John McGuire, larceny. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. George W. Koontz, tearing down a sale bill. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Quigly, entering a saloon with intent to commit felony. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Theodore Stinhart, carrying concealed weapons. Sentenced to pay a fine of $5, costs and imprisonment in the county jail for ten days.

Commonwealth vs. William Cover, horse stealing. *Nolle pros.* entered.

The case of the commonwealth vs. George Corner, carrying concealed weapons and pointing a pistol is now on trial.

The Bruner Murder Trial.

On Wednesday afternoon when court called at two o'clock, the case of the Commonwealth versus Ellmer Bruner, Ann Bruner and Charles Bruner for the murder of Samuel Reese was taken up.

The defendants elected to be tried separately and the Commonwealth elected to try Elmer Bruner first. On being arraigned he plead not guilty. The Com-

ELMER BRUNER.

monwealth is represented by District Attorney O'Connor and F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., while the prisoners' interests are looked after by Thomas M. Marshall, Jr., of Pittsburg, and Alvin Evans, Esq. The arraignment of the prisoner and the work of empaneling a jury occupied about two hours, the jurors all being taken from the regular panel. The following named gentlemen are impanelled and sworn, and have the fate of Elmer Bruner in their hands: Theodore Cover, Conemaugh; Stewart Bracken, Johnstown; Robert W. Gillan, Conemaugh; William Gallagher, Allegheny township; John Messenger, Johnstown; John A. Kidd, Johnstown; James Bechtel, Tunnelhill; James G. Ellis, Johnstown; Daniel Siebert, South Fork; Charles Leffler, Johnstown; William Arentrue, Lower Yoder township, and W. H. Zimmerman, Johnstown.

The story of the murder has already been detailed in the FREEMAN and is as follows: On the evening of the 13th of August last, Samuel Reese, who lived in Cambria township, on the outskirts of Ebensburg, after working all day for a neighbor in the harvest field, returned to his home shortly after six o'clock. He occupied the house alone, having recently moved to the place and on account of the sickness of his wife, who has since died, she had never came to the premises.

On Reese's return he found his door broken open and Bruner in the act of leaving. What occurred no one but Bruner could give a correct account, but a shot was fired and the neighbors and some boys who hurried to the scene found Reese in the agonies of death from a pistol wound, the ball entering at the mouth passing into the neck and severing the jugular vein. He died in a few minutes. Bruner who had arrived in town on that day traveling with a horse and buggy, in company with a woman and boy, was seen to leave the Reese premises after the shooting. The horse and buggy and the woman and boy, were in front of the Reese premises, on the turnpike when the shooting occured. After the shooting they disappeared but were followed, the boy being arrested at Latrobe, and the woman and Bruner, arrested in Pittsburg. Bruner does not deny the shooting nor being at Reese's for the purpose of robbery but the defense is made that he is mentally unsound and was not capable of wilful, premeditated murder. The counsel for the defense also claim that if when Bruner was leaving, Reese attempted to shoot him with his gun which was found leaning against a chair outside of the house, then the shooting of Reese by Bruner would be murder in the second degree.

Thomas M. Marshall Jr., for the defense addressed the jury for an hour and fifteen minutes and was followed by District Attorney O'Connor, who spoke for fifty minutes on the part of the commonwealth, closing his argument at a quarter past four o'clock when Judge Barker commenced his charge to the jury which lasted until five o'clock, when the jury retired. They are still out as we go to press.

In the case of the commonwealth vs. Charles Bruner, the defendant on being arraigned for the murder of Samuel Reese plead guilty and the court fixed the grade of the crime as that of murder in the second degree. He has not yet been sentenced.

In the case of the commonwealth vs. Annie Bruner, the defendant on being arraigned for the murder of Samuel Reese plead not guilty. By agreement of counsel and with the consent of the court a jury was called and under the instructions of the court rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, December 10th, 1891:

Hiram Kensey and Mary E. Weaver, Johnstown.

John Howard Luke, South Fork, and Clara M. Wentroth, Summerhill.

Julius Geyer and Bertha Zulke, Johnstown.

William Wolf and Kate Gabert, Johnstown.

John Ewing and Hortentia Schreckengost, Nolo, Indiana county Pa.

We Beg You to Read This.

Just think of it! A 12-page weekly paper, consisting of 96 columns of reading matter, for $1.25 a year; or in clubs of five or more, $1 a year. The best of reading matter, too, such as the freshest news of the hour, stories, miscellaney, correspondence from all parts of the world, fashion articles, children's department, complete market reports, and an agricultural report for which every line is written by one of the leading practical farmers of the United States, a native and resident of Ohio. Is it possible, we hear some one inquire, that a paper of this character can be gotten for the price quoted? It is indeed possible, as many thousands of its readers are prepared to testify. And this paper is? The Pittsburg *Weekly Post*. Everybody knows the *Post* as the leading—in fact, the only—metropolitan Democratic daily newspaper in Western Pennsylvania or Eastern Ohio. The *Weekly Post*, as well as the daily, has a constituency that reaches from the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains to the western border of Ohio, with a host of readers in West Virginia besides. If you wish to obtain a really great paper, one that will meet every want, you cannot afford to do without the *Post*. Send for a free sample copy and see for yourself the kind of a weekly newspaper Editor you can get as low as $1 a year. If you are willing to get four of your neighbors to club with you.

Next year the presidential campaign will be fought, and the question of tariff reform will be debated from every stump in the nation. Everybody who is anybody, and desires to keep posted on the developments of every week, and know what is going on, will of course have to have his weekly paper, if he should not feel able to take a daily. There will be a good many newspapers pressed upon your attention, but if you have not seen the Pittsburg *Weekly Post* you do not want to subscribe for any of them until you have sent for and examined a copy of it. We know what we are talking about, and if you want a Democratic paper you will not regret taking our advice in the matter. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Says She was in Heaven.

Miss Sadie Myers, daughter of Noah Myers, of Upper Yoder township, recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. On Saturday, November 28th, she fell into a stupor and lay on her back motionless, with her eyes open, looking directly at the ceiling, from Saturday until after dinner on Wednesday, December 2d, when she came to sufficiently to tell her relatives that on Saturday, December 5th she would come out of the stupor at 2 o'clock. She then fell into another stupor. Exactly at 2 o'clock she became speechless, but at 2:25 o'clock recovered. She told her friends and relatives that "she was dead and in heaven, heard the angels singing, and was talking to people she knew," and then said that she would get out of bed on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and eat dinner at the table with the members of the family, which she did. She further said that she would have two more attacks, but not very soon, and in the second one she would die.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Confidence.

Yes, public confidence; that's the keynote of our successful advertising. The day for fooling the public is past, and we wouldn't do it if we could. Consumers are never "fooled" when they buy Klein's celebrated "Silver Age" or "Duquesne" ryes. These famous brands of absolutely pure whiskey are now known and sold everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope. Every day swells the long list of customers. Why? Because the whiskies named stand solely on their merits. Leading physicians all over the land prescribe them - pretty conclusive evidence that the goods are just as represented—the purest and best obtainable. A poor whiskey is never cheap, but always injurious. You take no chances in ordering "Silver Age" or "Duquesne," which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart. Packages expressed anywhere. MAX KLEIN, No. 82 Federal street, Allegheny.

Local Institute.

Program for local institute to be held at Ashville, December 19th, 1891:

Decorating school rooms, Blanch Anderson; Variety, Eva Durbin; Recitation, Annie Sprout; How to use the apparatus in a school room, Tillie Bradley; Essay, Mary Condron; How to interest directors, M. J. McCartney; Drawing, Stella Wills; Declamation, Tillie Hite; How teachers should treat their pupils, Kate Dunegan; Negligence, Mollie Mullen; Select reading, Miss Terney; Perception, Mary Durbin; Paper, Menna McMullen.

Evening—Recitation, Stella Wills; Select reading, Ella Sweeny; Recitations and songs by pupils and those outside the institute; Essay, Mary Durbin; Recitation, Mary Condron; Impromptu class; Select reading, Tillie Bradley; Debate, Resolved that the slanderer is a more pernicious character than the flatterer; affirmative, Wm. Mills and M. J. McCartney; negative, Gallitzin Myers and Eva Durbin.

Miscellaneous Notices.

MR. ROBERT EVANS, the well known furniture dealer in Ebensburg, as among his large assortment of Furniture some Handsome Chairs that would come in very appropriately in selecting a fine Christmas Gift. Go and see you will certainly be pleased with them.

WHEN looking for Christmas presents you will do well to see what Carl Rivinius has to show you. It won't cost you anything to examine his large stock to select from. We are convinced that you will be pleased.

CARL RIVINIUS has just received a large assortment of fine Set Rings, including Diamonds, which you should see. They are just the thing for your sisters or sweethearts. Also, a large selection of Gold Watches for ladies and gentlemen, gold pens, and Gold Spectacles for your parents.

WANTED!—Furs of all kinds, for which the highest market prices will be paid. Bring them in. G. L. FREDERICKS, oct30 Ebensburg, Pa.

I INVITE all lovers of music to come and see the FINEST MUSIC BOOK EVER PRINTED, containing 368 pages of the choicest Music, Vocal and Instrumental, and 32 full page portraits of the leading composers. Just the very thing to make a nice present to your music loving friends. I am convinced you will be bigaly pleased with it. It comes in Cloth and Morocco. The book is named "Our Hearts' Delight." CARL RIVINIUS.

FOR RENT.—The Central Hotel, formerly the A. J. Christy hotel, Loretto, Pa. Address M. F. McDONALD, Agent, Nov. 27. Loretto, Pa.

HAVING received a nice selection of Vienna Chinaware and Glassware, I invite your particular attention to these articles when making purchases for presents. The "Engagement Cups" are the latest out and you should not fail to see them. CARL RIVINIUS.

STRICTLY No. 1 Road Carts for $10.00 at Dufton & Son's.

GENUINE Irish horse collars for $3.00 at Duftons'.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that Edward McGlade, of Portage, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and Catharine, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, accepted the 7th December, 1891, have assigned to John A. Doyle; of the city of Altoona, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said Edward McGlade, all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edward McGlade. All persons in debted to the said Edward McGlade will make immediate payment to the said assignee, and those having claims or demands will present them without delay. Assignee of Edward McGlade. December 11, 1891.3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. Estate of Thomas W. Adams. Letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Adams, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to JOHN BARNETT, AMANDA ADAMS. Executors of Thomas W. Adams, deceased. Allegheny Twp., Dec. 4, 1891.

NONE BETTER IF ANY SO GOOD. Life Insurance Agents can sell more insurance for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, Mass., than for any other company doing business in this state. Good agents can secure the best of contracts. Address W. S. STIMMEL, Gen. Agent for Western Penna., Pittsburg, Pa. Annual Dividends. Cash Values. Organized in 1862. dec4.3t

STRAY COW. Came to the premises of the subscriber in Allegheny township on or about the 1st of November, 1891, one small red cow, about six years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. T. L. PARRISH. Dec. 4th, 1891.

ANNUAL ELECTION NOTICE. The annual elections of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the secretary in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 11, 1892, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. T. W. DICK, Dec. 11th, 1891.3t. Secretary.

BALTZELLS'.

EVERY day from the 10th inst. there will be held three grand receptions daily in our store, morning, afternoon and evening, closing up on Christmas Eve. Thousands will visit us during that time but all will be welcomed and kindly received. The morning hours will be the most favorable for shopping.

We have some Choice Bargains, been opened but a few days. Some sacrifices made to aid you in Xmas giving. Here is something for the gentlemen:

An Elegant Line of Men's Night Robes, Beautifully Embroidered Fronts and Silk Cord and Tassel	50c. to $2.50
Silk Embroidered Suspenders in all colors, in glass boxes, very fine	50c. to $1.98
A handsome line of Neckties in all styles and colors	25c. to $1.25

For the ladies we have received a fine lot of Long and Short Feather Boas, in Black, White and Gray.

Short, from	75c. to $3.50
The Long ones	$8.50

An elegant line of Fur Cloaks and Capes just opened.

Pulled Coney	$23.00
Astrakan Wraps	38.00
Otter	64.50
Extremely Handsome.	
Shoulder Capes in same	$10 to $44

Children's Furs—

Lynx	$1.25
Chinchilla	2.00
Angora	3.63
White Martin	3.75

Just the thing for the little ones. We have a handsome line of Cabinets, plain and with Mirrors. Towel Holders with Comb and Brush Attachments plain and with mirrors, all at moderate prices. Look out for our Centre Windows. New attractions constantly added and worth a long walk to look at, the work of our special artist. BALTZELLS', Altoona, Pa.

HOTEL LE GRANDE. H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR. Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses. H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Jacob Mause. Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Mause, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to P. A. SYBERT, Executor of Jacob Mause, deceased. Gallitzin, Pa., Nov. 5, 1891. 11 13-6t.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON, 43 & 45 Walker St. NEW YORK.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, Harmonicas, &c., all kinds of Strings, etc., etc.

Wonderful! Startling!

GENUINE Bargain -. Sale !

--AT-- SIMONS' BIG STORE!

NOW

Is the time when you have to buy and the time when you have to buy cheap. We will assist you and can assure you that ONE DOLLAR spent in our store will go as far as ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF elsewhere. To be convinced see prices:

Grocery Department.

25 lbs. brown sugar, $1; 23 lbs. soft white sugar, $1; 21 lbs. granulated sugar, $1; Dilworth coffee, 22c.; Arbuckle coffee, 22c.; good green coffee, 19c. All other groceries sold in proportion.

In Meats,

we can not be undersold. Good shoulder, 8c. per lb.; prime ham, 12c. per lb.; clear sides, 11c per lb; fine Bologna, 7c. per lb; Ohio cream cheese, 13c; good Swiss cheese, 18c.

Flour

in ten different brands. Vienna flour, the best in the land, $1.50 per sack.

Ladies' Coats.

Fine all wool Reefers, $3; Jersey Coats, $3; Fur Trimmed Reefers, $5. Beautiful line to select from. See them!

Clothing Department.

Men's all wool good dress suits, all colors, $7; Men's fine worsted suits, blue or black, $10. Our line of Overcoats is larger than ever and at prices to suit you!

Dry Goods.

There was a time when ladies of our town, in need of a new dress, had to go to large places to make the selection. Those days are past. Our line of Dress Goods is as perfect and complete as is seen anywhere.

Furniture.

Right with us is the place to come for your Furniture. It is not the prices alone that bring us the trade. No! Our reputation is established for handling the most stylish and durable Furniture in town.

We have been with you many years and always tried to sell you goods cheap, very cheap. Really, quick sales and small profits have brought us the large trade we now enjoy, and we will always treat our patrons so that they will feel satisfied to come again.

SIMON - & - CO.,
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES,
GALLITZIN, PENN'A.

ON AND AFTER
January 1st, 1892,
WE WILL DO
A Strictly Cash Business.

We have now a complete stock of Dress Goods, Millinery, Coats, Underwear, Gossamers, and Table Linen. Also, a new lot of Fur by the yard, Muffs, Fur Capes, Pictures, Fine Towels, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Call and examine them.

Mrs. R. E. JONES.

You pay us a visit. The visit will pay you.

The PEOPLE'S STORE,

Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG.

Novelties for Christmas Gifts!

An Immense and Magnificent Display of

TOYS, MECHANICAL TOYS, DOLLS,
BOOKS, CHINA WARE, CLOCKS,
GAMES, PHOTO. FRAMES, ALBUMS,
PICTURES, WORK BOXES, NOVELTIES,
PAPETERIES, JOHN A. DOYLE. BRIC-A-BRAC,
Etc. FANCY BOXES, Etc. Etc.

The Cheapest BOOKS in Western Pennsylvania.

A Woolen Suit Pattern, A Silk Dress Length or a A Warp Wrap or Jacket } MAKE A NICE GIFT.

Our Mail Order Department makes a careful selection for all people who are unable to come to the city All goods can be carefully laid away until wanted.

CAMPBELL & DICK,
83, 85, 87 and 89 Fifth Ave.,
PITTSBURG.

You pay us a visit. The visit will pay you.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Local or Traveing.

To sell Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed.
CHASE BROTHERS CO.,
oc9.2m Rochester, N. Y.

ESTRAY. Came to the residence of the undersigned in Allegheny township on or about the 1st day of June, 1891, one heifer, brown back and sides, white belly and four white feet. Supposed to be rising two years old. J. H. IVORY
Oct. 23.3t. Allegheny township

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales, SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 848 Broadway, N. Y.

THOSE OVERCOATS!

They are Beauties.
Have you seen them?
They are in our store.
Come and look at them.
And you can look at something else at the same time.

Our - Stylish - Suits!

And our nobby Winter Caps, Ulsters, Reefers, Shirts, Pants, Stockings, Mittens, Gloves, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, and Underwear.

Try our new Oil Coats.

J. B. WILBER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Iron City College.

N. W. CORNER PENN AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURG, PA
TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND GRADUATES.
The largest and most progressive business College in the United States. Send for new illustrated catalogue giving full particulars, mailed free. Address, J. C. SMITH'S SON.
dec4.5t

GUNS!

REVOLVERS, POWDER,
SHOT, SHELLS, WADS,
Fishing Tackle, and all Kinds of Sporting Goods.
J. M. WATSON,
1113 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Repairing neatly and promptly done.
oct2.9m.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

Happy and content is a bride with "The Rochester," she lives in the light of the morning. *To learn more, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.*

FAST TRAINS.

Difficulties in the Way of an Increased Rate of Speed.

A Plan on Foot in This Country to Build a Train Calculated to Run Two Miles in One Minute.

Some interesting details (if accurate) are given by the American Engineer of the results of the attempt to run a train which, according to the projectors of the "Electric express," was to run at the moderate speed of six miles a minute, says the London (England) Invention. An experimental line was built at Baltimore, and engineers of some experience were sanguine that even if the tremendous speed spoken of were not accomplished, the trains run would put in the shade everything hitherto accomplished. One hundred and twenty miles an hour, or two miles a minute, was spoken of as mechanically possible. But the constructors, alas! reckoned without their host. It was found that the inexorable laws of friction would cause bearings, wheels, etc., to simply melt from the intense heat evolved. In round numbers a four-foot wheel would have to revolve over eleven thousand times per minute—a practicable speed with a small spindle, but quite impossible with the ordinary axle. About a mile and a half per minute is now said to be all that is within practical accomplishment on the existing type of railway, if friction only be considered. As regards safety, even this speed is deemed impossible by qualified engineers, unless great modifications are made in the existing form and size of flanges, rails, etc. Such a speed has it is alleged, been once or twice accomplished, but the highest of which an authentic record exists is within a fraction of eighty miles per hour, or one and one-third miles per minute. We do not, of course, undertake to say that a higher rate of motion could not be reached, but all engineers are agreed that it is not possible with present rails and rolling stock.

As matters now stand it would seem that it is easier to construct motive power which will propel, or rather drag vehicles at a startling pace, than to design vehicles which will keep on the track or be uninjured by the heat so generated. It is nowadays unsafe to ridicule any project which does not propose to violate some natural law, and it is quite possible that some form of rail and wheel may yet be designed which will permit of a much higher rate of speed than has yet been achieved. But it is certain that these have still to be devised, and that people of inventive minds have here a yet unattacked field. After all the rate of eighty miles per hour, which has actually been accomplished, would have seemed a greater miracle to our great-grandfathers than the talked-of one hundred and twenty does to us. Whether the solution will lie in the adoption of the sliding railway type, or in an immense increase in wheel diame[ter], depth of flange, or other device uncertain, but the [problem] is without doubt to be solved at no very [distant] date.

Our friends are endeavoring to grapple with the difficulty, and the main outlines of a proposal to run a high-speed train have been published. The track is to be built much heavier than the roads now in use. In exposed places it would be laid in a trough-like guard to keep the wheels on the track. The engine and cars are gigantic, the former having twelve driving wheels, all inclosed (all wheels are now inclosed), and the axles are to be so constructed as to give a low center of gravity by having the car bottom near the rails. The great weight, width of rails and shape of cars would, it is claimed, secure stability. All the wheels under the train would be eight feet in diameter. This large size saving friction of machine; and should the wheels revolve faster than the present style it would allow of the speed intended being attained. As large wheels on the present tracks would not be stable, nor would there be car room, the rails would have to be laid ten feet apart. The car is designed as seventeen feet wide, twelve feet high and one hundred feet long, being capable of holding four hundred persons with their baggage. The cars are to join as smoothly as a pipe, the forward part of the engine being rounded off and the car exterior made smooth, having side doors, windows and skylights, and, like a semi-elliptical cylinder placed on its face in shape, this smoothness and shape is[ing] to save friction of air, for a train in such rapid motion would create a greater wind than a violent hurricane.

We cannot, of course, prophesy what may yet be accomplished. In view, however, of the fact that Jules Verne's romance-invented torpedo boat has actually become the sober fact of a few years later we should not like to say the above project is impossible, many as are the practical difficulties in its way.

MATRIMONIAL NOTICES.

Queer Things in the "Courtship Corner" of a Scotch Journal.

This is the name given to an advertising department in some of the Scotch newspapers, answering to the "Personal" column in some of our American journals, says the New York Ledger. In justice to "Cannie Scotland" we must say that its "Courtship Corners" are not occupied by notices which are at all equivocal. The Caledonians in pursuit of love through the press seem to be in search of the legitimate article. Matrimony appears to be their object, and a characteristic desire for dowry is most unromantically apparent in many of the advertisements.

Some of the announcements are very funny. For example, three young ladies, "aged respectively sixteen, nineteen and twenty-one," announce that they have set their hearts on marrying "three special constables." Why special constables? Upon what metaphysical principle can this prejudice in favor of upstaves be explained? Let us hope they have been taken into custody. "A jilted young lady" wishes to unite herself to "a jilted young gentleman"—for the reason, we suppose, that misery loves company—and a young lawyer, "high in position," would be willing to obtain himself for life to a young lady with three hundred pounds a year.

Advertising being costly, and the Scotch an economical people, the candidates for matrimony in the "Courtship Corner" appeal in groups to the sensibilities of the unmarried, the expense of the notices being divided, share and share alike, among the parties interested.

It is interesting to know that Young Scotland is tolerably quick, although it cannot keep pace with Young America.

A Girl-Queen's Farm.

The youthful queen of Holland, who is only ten years old, has a little farm near the royal castle at Het Loo, where she is sole mistress. There is a prettily furnished drawing-room there for the use of the house and her numerous children, the dolls, and a kitchen where the little queen learns to make tarts. The child has her own poultry to feed, and her own garden, where everything has been planted and cultivated by her royal hands. She trims her roses [and] the flowers in her mother's apartments are always gathered and arranged by her.

"What's that? A new invention which works *all the year round?* Surprisin'—these days are not like the old times. Bleedin' was the only remedy them days. But now, as you say, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a true remedy for the blood."

It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, in all seasons and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only Blood and Liver medicine, sold by druggists, *guaranteed* to benefit or cure *in every case*, on fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. [illegible] Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after June 7th, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.....	2 55 A M	Day Exp.....	11 04 A M
Western Exp...	4 43 A M	Mail.....	9 38 A M
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp...	1 00 P M
Pacific Exp....	8 49 A M	Mail Exp.....	4 57 P M
Mail.....	4 26 P M	Phila Exp.....	8 16 P M
Fast Line.....	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp....	10 17 P M
Way Pass.....	2 36 P M	Fast Line.....	11 22 P M

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